

From the New York Sun.

ANOTHER SPREE STALKING.

The Most Notorious Deer Hunt Ever-Held.—A Party of New Yorkers Spent a Week in the Adirondacks—Gentlemen Wandering About the Woods in Search of the Game, the Army in the Woods—Who Killed the Deer?

Many of our young men who have plenty of money and little to do, make up parties at certain seasons of the year and go off for a week, or two, on a hunt—especially for deer. These occasional flights of undressed Nimbros are to be commended on general principles, but they have the great drawback of utterly ruining the veracity of the participants for the remainder of their natural lives. A good story is told of the adventures of a party of this kind who visited the Saranac region last fall.

The party numbered ten, headed by the general Thomas Clarke, whom everybody knows and everybody likes. Among the others were the society favorites, Masses, Prince, Lieut. Edward Taylor of the Twenty-second, George Ramsey of west Twenty-second street, now in Europe, John Timmels of Thirty-fourth street, Brooks Gould of Forty-eighth street, and Peter Fowler of Brooklyn.

Never was a better about to make the round of the watering places so bothered and busy with her wardrobe as were these enthusiastic sportsmen in preparing.

THEIR OUTFIT.

during two weeks before the appointed time. When they got together at last for the start, the quantity of baggage, which each member had deemed necessary to kill a deer, with contingencies against further accidental possibilities, was singularly surprising, and the amount of Skimpage stuck away here and there would have supplied all the fashionable women of the country. The following is an inventory of

THE THINGS OF ONE OF THE PARTY:

a set mounted guns, rifle, 1 bottle of cologne (large), 1 skin gun (lucky revolver), a large hunting knife, 6 sticks of matches, 1 large wood ax, 73 fishing poles, 20 pounds of gunpowder, 100 pounds of bullets, 1 Sibley tent, 5 packs of rations, 1 family Bible, 4 sets of dishes, box of hunting candles, 1 pair of snufflers, 6 camp stools, 4 bottles of bushu, 1 camp bedstead, 1 India rubber mattress, 1 comb and brush, 1 India rubber pillow, 1 double blanket, 1 camp stove, 1 bullet hair oil, 20 pocket knives and pens, 2 green hunting hats, 1 bar of soft soap, 1 long India rubber boots, 1 whisk broom, 1 bunch hats, 12 eye glasses, 3 meerschaum pipes, 3 pounds of smoking tobacco, 2 boxes cigars, 1 gross of matches, 1 gross of toothpicks, 1 mosquito net, 2 flint axes, 2 fancy game bags, 2 shot pouches, 6 powder horns, 1 maple ring, 12 hunting shirts, 24 woolen socks, six bottles emulera mixture, 16 needles, 2 sets of dominoes, 12 skeins of thread, 1 blacking brush, 2 dogs (comrades), 2 boxes blacking, 1 razor strap and brush, 1 monogram handkerchief, one large library, a case of books, 1 case of whiskey, 1 small box of crackers, 10 lbs. cartridges, 1 cigar case, 1 Siberian bloodhound, 1 set of paper colors, 1 team of court plaster, 1 spittoon, 6 pounds ping tobacco, 1 pair sugar tongs, 1 theodolite, 1 map of the State.

ALL BEHIND.

After a great deal of discussion the leader assumed dictatorial authority and peremptorily ordered the leaving behind of the shot gun, all the fishing poles but one to each man, seven of the Sibley tents, nine white brooms, four tons of gunpowder and ball, and all the dogs. The other items were to be reduced considerably, with the exception of the schnaps, cigars, tobacco and the various articles of clothing and for the toilet. What remained was stowed away upon three two-horse trucks, and the party embarked on the Albany boat.

The feeling of bitterness caused by the reduction of their outfit, which each man for a time looked at as a petty attempt to lessen his chances of success in the hunt, soon wore off, and the journey by way of Albany and Whitehall, through Lake Champlain by steamer to Port Kent, and thence by stages to Keeseville, where they put up over night, was most enjoyable in every respect. Indeed a more noisy, jolly, self-important

mountainous crowd,

it would have been difficult to encounter. The only thing which happened to disturb the placid current of good-fellowship was the indiscreet boast of one of the boys that he had been practising stealthily in a pistol-gallery in the Bowery for a week before departure. This was regarded as somewhat unfair by the others; but when it was discovered that all the rest had surreptitiously done exactly the same thing, this too was speedily forgiven and forgotten.

OLD TIGER, at whose hotel they stopped, pulled them all out of bed before daylight the next morning, when each man donned his hunting suit—India rubber boots, slouched hat and all—and striking the axe in one of his belts, the revolver at the back, and the hunting knife in the other side, shouldered his gun, powder horn, game bag, and shotgun, and with every pocket bulging out with trumpery, marched down to a breakfast of venison and trout. When the men had come together they looked very much like a band of.

VENETIAN INTRUSIONS

returning to their cave laden with the spoils of a successful foray, as these wretches would have been represented on the boards of a country theatre.

After breakfast they mounted half a dozen spring wagons, which stood in readiness, and were jolted along to Martin's on the Lower Saranac, whence they took other conveyances to the Raquette river, a short distance from whose banks they established their camp. It had been intended to kill enough deer to provide for the party, besides having more than sufficient left to send hamper to presents to three or four hundred families in New York, all of whom had been faithfully promised; but alas! they were with one or two exceptions, without the slightest experience, and couldn't tell a deer from a stump of a tree at thirty paces to save their souls. The consequence was, that after three or four days' vigorous tramping about the country, during which they had met more shots and made more noise than sufficed to frighten away all the deer within a circle of fifty miles, they had accomplished absolutely nothing, and were completely exhausted out and disgusted.

Strange to say, however, that some of the boys seemed to have lost the sense of their disappointment. Probably they had seen Indians, lone lot of savages across a deer, and were both too perturbed to be frightened. The deer had apparently not been hit, and every man was on his mettle to secure the prize. Voller after voller started the chase; the water dashed and spluttered around the deer's head from the shower of bullets, and still it floated quietly along.

It was very strange. It was going out of reach. The firing ceased, and a rush was made for an old dog-end that was moored to the bank. Kit and Ed reached it first, bounded on, and paddled like mad after the retreating buck. Nearer and nearer they came. He was not frightened. Kit held his gun ready while Ed paddled toward him. The other's oars struck the bank to be on hand for any emergency. Clarke and Kish followed in his advance stage of approach.

Seven rifles pointed a volley across the water. The deer swam along unconcernedly. Never was such loading and firing witnessed since the rebellion. The deer had apparently not been hit, and every man was on his mettle to secure the prize. Voller after voller started the chase;

the water dashed and spluttered around the deer's head from the shower of bullets, and still it floated quietly along.

Just now they are having a joke and roar—which is a usual way of inciting a story with exactions—on a compositor who set up the last, "Woman, without her man, would be a savage," and got the stops in the wrong place, and produced, "Woman, without her man, would be a savage." They say that his wife, who was helping read the proof, discovered the mistake right away.

LAST DESPAIR.

In the course of his wanderings he hap-

pened to strike Kish's cabin, and found its owner seated outside in the sun cleaning a gun, another one having already been cleaned and polished and put standing against the jamb of the ridge door. Kish's boy was cleaning wood in the kitchen. Kish looked莫名其妙, and received Clarke rather gruffly when the latter advanced and said good day.

"Seen any deer around?" said Tom, glibly.

"Deer be judged?" was the rough reply. Don't "spend to see a deer for a month after that gang of 'uns goes home to their mountain dens below there."

"Rather fresh around," laughed Clarke. "Have a cigar old fellow?"

"Thank you, old Kish, softened by the uninvited intrusion, but durst if faint enough to break a saint's ear. Broken I've got to leave you."

"STAKES TO DEATH."

unless the country gets rid of them fellers pretty damned soon.

The boy being now broken the two entered into a more-or-less desultory conversation about sporting matters, and Kish was in the middle of an entertaining yarn about a gang of backwoods grousers of which a certain Silas Peter had a full house were the heroes, when he suddenly stopped and picked up his hat, became rigid and his eyes were fixed in the direction of the bawlers. Clarke turned quickly and saw, just in the cleft through which the brook ran the head and shoulders of a noble buck, which was gawking with astonishment upon the scene before him.

It was the work of an instant for Kish to seize the rifle and fire.

THE BUCK NEVER MOVED.

He sank quietly down where he stood. He had been hit square between the eyes and his death had been instantaneous. They both sprang forward to secure the prize, while the boy dropped his axe and ran up to see what was the matter.

"Look here old fellow, I'll give you a hundred dollars for the buck if you'll let me have it," said Tom.

"Can't do it," said Kish. The promise had already.

"Promised him?"

"You promised him to give fellers at a hundred dollars apiece, said Kish, with a merry twinkle in his eye."

"What do you mean?" asked Tom in consternation.

"Well, I'll tell you. All of them fellers that's campin' down b'low—mine, ain't they?"

"Yes, mine, heides myself."

You and never been here afore. Well, them min' all come here separate, and ned med a bargain with me that of I'd

"SHOOT AGAIN."

an' let them know on the sly an' say they buy IT THEMSELVES, they'd give me a hundred dollars for him. An' if I'd sent a deer an' put them on his' s'les they could raify them into themselves, I'd have a hundred dollars noo. Only I want to give em' of the rest a blit. I giv' em' all on em', only I don't know which to give it to first.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Tom, and I'll get you out of that fix, too, easily. I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll help me. Let's rig up the deer's head and tail on a piece of plank and send him down the river, and then notify them to be on the lookout."

BOSS, BOSSED KISH.

The splendid head and neck were whipped off by the old hunter in a twinkling, and the busky tail removed with equal skill. The short horn was then procured, and at one end of it was made a hole, and at the other the tail.

"Get a couple of pine?" asked Kish.

"What do you mean?" asked Tom in consternation.

"Well, I'll tell you. All of them fellers that's campin' down b'low—mine, ain't they?"

"Yes, mine, heides myself."

You and never been here afore. Well, them min' all come here separate, and ned med a bargain with me that of I'd

"SHOOT AGAIN."

an' let them know on the sly an' say they buy WHETHER YOU WANT GOODIES OR NOT,

they'd give me a hundred dollars apiece, said Kish.

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